After a conference of an hour or more he said to me that he would take Fort Pulaski, pleasantly adding: "Upon condition that you accept a place upon my staff, and give such direction to things as that no unnecessary harm shall come to any one." I proudly accepted a position upon his staff, which I continued to hold so long as he continued to be governor of Georgia.

The next day found me actively engaged in examining the map to ascertain in what Southern States fortresses similar to Pulaski were located. At quite a late hour the following night I sent a telegram to the governors of all such States, mentioning what we were about to do and requesting them to do likewise, the telegram closing with these words: "This is fighting for our rights in the Union." And the small hours of the night found me descending the Savannah river in a small boat with one oarsman, and favored by the tide. In our descent we encountered one of the very heaviest rain falls I have ever seen, and I remember that I saddened myself with the inquiry whether it might not be ominous of the future.

The dawn of day saw me capture Fort Pulaski by simply walking into it. No killed, no wounded, no glory. And so, while Peyton—poor gallant Peyton—were he still alive, might fairly claim to be the first, last and only man active in suppressing the African slave trade at the North, I can fairly, as I do proudly, claim to be the first rebel, "so-called," actively engaged upon land or water, at the South.

Gentlemen of the committee, a few more words and I shall have concluded what will probably be the last elaborate address of my life.

In the year 1860, behold the two sections of the American Union! The North densely populated, marvelously inventive, poor but aggressive, chafing beneath the domination of the South—a section of shifty shop-keepers, of